By *Iupiter*, this ſhall not be reuokt.
Kent. Why fare thee well King, ſince thou wilt appeare,
Friendſhip liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their protection take the maid,
That rightly thinkes, and hath moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe in a Country new.
Enter France and Burgundy with Glocester.
Glo. Heer's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord or *Burgundy*, we firſt addreſſe towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the leaſt will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?
Burg. Roiall Maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your Highneſſe offered, nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*, when ſhe was deare to vs,
We did hold her ſo, but now her price is fallen;
Sir, there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtance, or all of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Burg. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Sir, will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.
Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp
On ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leaue her ſir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

Fran.

Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing
So monſtrous, to diſmantle ſo many foulds of fauour,
Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it, or you for voucht affections
Faine into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Could neuer plaint in me.
Cord. I yet beſeech your Maieſty,
If for I want that glib and oily Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I well intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder, or fouleneſſe,
No vncleane action or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Go to, goe to, better thou hadſt not bene borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardineſſe in nature,
That often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke that it intends to do,
My Lord of *Burgundy*, what ſay you to the Lady?
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with reſpects that ſtands
Aloofe from the entire point, will you haue her?
She is her ſelfe and dower.
Burg. Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion
Which your ſelfe propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the hand, Dutcheſſe of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne.
Burg. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a husband.
Cord. Peace be with *Burgundy*, ſince that reſpects
Of fortune are his loue, I ſhall not be his wife.

Fran.